an extreme horror story

Dollface

The Awakening

HOLY G*DD*MN COCKSHROOMS... LITERALLY!

CHRIS MILLER
AUTHOR OF PRIME CUTS

r.j. powell

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Trigger Warning

This is a book of extreme horror.
Reader discretion is advised.

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Dollface

THE AWAKENING

A PREQUEL

RJ POWELL

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Prologue:

He lived alone in the warehouse and was alone on the weekends when the workers would go home. A self-starter, Mr. Smyles often thought about where he'd be without his knack for art—*probably* like his brother who lived across town in a dump.

You had to be smart, he'd say.

He thought about the day he visited his father when Dad was doing time for sexual assault. His dad told him, "You have to shield your perversions behind a business venture so you can maintain the illusion of normalcy in society." Mr. Smyles didn't know what it meant until he discovered toy-making.

Dad was proud when Mr. Smyles told him he was starting a toy-making business.

But Mr. Smyles's cock never went limp. He wanted something more. Just like the rest of them.

Then he thought of it: the dolls with the right body parts. Movable. Penetrable, and won't scream for help. But most of all, he wanted them to be made of something *real*.

Now, he was so used to designing *Forever Dolls* for other people that he never considered doing one for himself.

Not until he discovered *her*. The sketch. *Dollface*. With a face like hers, the rich and the powerful will herd in like sheep, lining up one right after the other to get their hands on their very own *Dollface*.

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Chapter One

"Your pussy flaps will taste divine with the pasta tomorrow," said Mr. Smyles as his serrated knife cut through the folds between the young woman's legs. "I've got a date then, so dinner has to be fancy."

Swish.

Swish.

Swish.

Blood poured from the open wounds of flesh and fat, and Mr. Smyles licked his lips in anticipation.

"*Mmmm*, spaghetti and cuntballs are callin' my name."

With the skin folds completely detached, he moved to her breasts. Licking his lips once more, he let his thumb slide over her nipple before noticing the nub in his pants quickly beginning to sprout like a tiny mushroom.

Pushing the knife into her breast, he slowly began to carve out a smiley face while picking the bloody meat up with his fingers. He opened his mouth and tossed one onto his tongue before swallowing. The man continued with the knife, pushing it in, carving deeper into her flesh and placing it onto the table. His moves were refined and meticulous, like any toymaker's would be—spending day and night making toys for little boys and girls perfected his carving technique, among many other skills he acquired since opening Mr. Smyles Toys. The walls around him bore drawings of faces, all different but each the same with their oversized eyes and full lips. A studio apartment on the backside of the toy factory, it was where Mr. Smyles came up with his beautiful designs and barbaric captures of the adolescent kind for the rich and famous.

He moved the blade back and forth before finally setting it down and retrieving a bowl used for the meat. Next, he washed his hands and dumped everything into the blender.

He scratched his head while staring at the spice cabinet and reached for two handfuls of spices, dumping in sage, rosemary, Italian seasoning, and more into the blender, then turned it on. The hairy flesh immediately began to churn in the blades, the moist *crunches* giving a delightful buzz to Mr. Smyles's ears. He turned it off and eyeballed the

thick, pink meat. *A meat slushie,* he thought, but it escaped him as quickly as it had arrived.

Walking over to the vat of liquid silicone, he let a drop of the meat concoction fall into the mixture, stirred it slowly, then poured it into the mold of a small child—the size of a toddler.

"I can't wait to finally meet you," he murmured to himself while staring at a drawing that hung on the wall. It was in pencil, with two eyes and a smirk of a smile. He had always wanted a *Forever Doll* for himself. It was something he had invented when he was a teenager when he would use Barbies; he'd pretend that he'd abduct them and then do awful things to each one. Now, he would have a lifelike girl all to himself, made from the very skin of his favorite victim.

The mold began the curing process, and he'd had about twenty-four hours until he could open her up. Mr. Smyles prepared the raw meatballs, wrapped them up and placed them inside the refrigerator before returning to the metal table that held his latest victim.

He stared at her. She was prepossessing, alluring even, with flawless skin, and hair as dark as the night sky. Her face had a freckled nose and plump lips that he couldn't help but touch, his thumb sliding over it and inside, parting them. He could feel himself growing hard again.

With a grunt and a groan, he managed to flip the young woman face down and pulled her budding algor mortis legs apart which were still loose enough to move. A waft of shit rose through the air. Mr. Smyles wanted to feel her one last time before she went too cold, and he liked fucking the girls in the ass after. The shit gave an extra lubricated texture that he was quite fond of, akin to fucking *chunky* peanut butter.

He pressed deep inside the young woman's body; his feet curled behind him as he ravaged her one last time. Biting the back of her neck, he quickly filled her ass full of his semen and then pulled his penis out and admired the brown lacquer that had built up all around him. He inhaled deeply, smelling the scent of feces and finality, and smiled at himself.

She was going to make the perfect doll.

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Chapter Two

Mr. Smyles awoke on the couch with his hand down the front of his soiled pants, wet from urine due to an incontinence issue that he refused to wear a diaper for. He rolled out of bed and stood, rubbing his eyes and making his way to the kitchen. It wasn't long until the hot coffee crashed against his crusted lips, causing him to wince and curse under his breath.

The mold, he thought. *It was done*.

He spent the next hour removing the silicone girl from the casing, his fingers working between each fold of rubbery-smooth skin. Time seemed to slow for him as he washed her, running his hands over her body which he thought was the right amount of softness.

"Perfect," he said. He propped her up on a stand and began the painting process of pastels—pinks and purples, giving her a lifelike face. Each brush stroke hand drawn, he held his tongue at the corner of his mouth and painted the doll's delicate face, then he airbrushed on the rest before glossing over her fingers and toes. Finally, he sealed it all in a topcoat, dressed the doll in a gown, complete with booties, socks, and shoes. He applied her hair, last. Glueing it down to her scalp.

When he was finished, he looked at her and couldn't believe what he had done.

She was his masterpiece of silicone and skin, and now there was just one thing left to give her.

He had to give her a soul.

He placed her atop the corpse of the young woman and slit her wrist, massaged out her syrupy blood, and wiped it on the mouth of the doll, then placed his hands over both bodies, and shut his eyes.

"*Our Lord of the Darkness, with this trade, I offer the mind and body of the damned in exchange for the soul; I have carved the likeness of the vessel and pray you accept my unholy offer."*

Slowly and with extreme caution, he began to open his eyes.

She was sitting up staring at him, her feet dangling off the side of the corpse. Blinking and full of life.

"Fuck!" he shouted. "God, that never gets old. You guys are scary as shit when you first come to life."

He leaned forward.

"I'm Mr. Smyles," he said, placing his hand on her knee. He rubbed it with his thumb.

"I—I don't understand," she said, her mouth barely moving. The doll's voice came out in a squeak as she gazed into Mr. Smyles's eyes.

"Well, you were just in there," he said, pointing to the chair of flesh which she sat upon. "Then I put you in *here*," he whispered and poked her chest.

"But…" she said.

"It's okay. You'll regain memories over time. Once the soul disconnects from the mind, the dolls seem to not remember anything for months, sometimes years."

She looked up at him, her large lavender eyes not moving before they began to fill with tears.

"Shhh," he replied, leaning in, "I'm here to protect you."

The doll looked down at her tiny hands with her purple nail polish shimmering under the fluorescents.

"Why am I so small?" she finally asked.

He paused. It wasn't like the dolls to begin questioning things so soon. He thought about the Cabbage Patch Doll who he gave to a politician, and the rocking horse that went to a German finance manager. He thought about the puppet and the teddy bear, too, their confusion when they awoke that never seemed to clear itself.

"What do you mean?" Dr. Smyles asked.

"Her," she whispered, looking at the face of the dead woman on the table. "If I was her, then why is she her size and I'm so small?"

"Because I chose you to be inside the body of a little girl."

"But why?"

She stared at him. He could feel her eyes lingering like pinpricks against his retinas.

He sighed. "I'm Mr. Smyles."

She stared longer.

"Can you say my name?"

"Mr. Smyles." Her voice came out in a low squeak.

"Good girl," he cooed, placing his hand on her knee. She glanced at it, and something in her told her this wasn't right.

"Now," he whispered. "Let's get to know each other a bit."

"Okay."

He retrieved a glove and a needle, then pressed it into her wrist. "Can you feel that?"

The doll shook her head.

"Very good."

"Should I? Is something wrong with me?"

"No! Not at all, sweetheart," he said softly. "I just want to make sure you're correct, is all."

"Correct?"

He sighed once more, a sign of annoyance rather than patience. "Yes. Correct. You have ten fingers," he said.

She raised her tiny digits and wiggled them. "Ten toes," while removing her shoes and socks to count, before smiling at her. "You're perfect."

"Perfect?"

"Yes. Now, do you want to know your name?"

She nodded coyly, as if scared of what would come next.

"Dolly. My precious, quintessential Dolly. And you get to stay with me *forever*."

She didn't answer, she just continued gazing up at the strange man.

"Now, come with me. I have a surprise for you."

Dolly hopped down from the table before following the man. They left the art room, made their way through two sets of double doors and throughout the entire warehouse.

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Chapter Three

"This is *your* room."

As the white door swung open, Dolly's face lit up from the overexposure coming from the room. The walls were painted a bright pink with a bookshelf, a dresser, and a large king-size bed.

"Mine?" she asked.

"You got it. Do you wanna go in?"

She nodded and smiled before making her way around the room. There were toys and children's books, and even a diaper-changing station. She didn't understand what any of it meant, or what the functions truly were, but a voice, her thoughts, told her it was … *pretty*.

"Do you like it?" asked Mr. Smyles.

Dolly turned on her foot and glanced up at him. She smiled and nodded.

"Good. There's also a full wardrobe, so you can change your clothes. And this, here, is full of costumes, so you can dress up and be *anything* you wanna be."

She continued smiling, following the items in the room as his mouth spat out words she knew, but couldn't quite remember.

"Would you like to try on some clothes?" he asked.

Dolly frowned. "Not really. I like this dress."

"Oh, well, okay then." He made his way to the bed. It was off the floor by two feet with a princess headboard and four posts with a widespread pink canopy flowing over it. He sat on it and let his short legs dangle.

"Wanna try out the bed?" he asked.

"Is it bouncy?"

Mr. Smyles jumped up and down on his bottom. "Yep!"

Dolly smiled and reached for him to pick her up. And for a moment, she wondered. It felt wrong being this close to him. She didn't know why. Offering smiles and sweetness, it felt… out of place for her. And her mind told her that if this were a story, then she would ***warn the reader of what came next.***

The man placed the doll onto the bed. "Now, if I give you all of this, then you have to promise to give me something, too."

She looked up at him. Dolly could feel the texture of the embroidered flowers beneath her thumbs. “Like what?”

Mr. Smyles placed his hand on her silicone thigh and ran it up her leg. He could feel the mushroom blooming in his pants again. This was it. This wasn’t like the others where he had to maintain their integrity before they went with their owner. This one he could keep all too himself, and he was going to enjoy it very much.

“Do this,” he said, puckering his lips. Dolly did as he asked and puckered her lips. “Now shut your eyes,” and she did that, too. Suddenly, she felt something penetrate her lips and started squirming, soft and warm, caressing her tongue. She opened her eyes to see his face pressed against hers.

“Oh my God,” he groaned into her mouth. His lips and tongue kept moving around hers, but she just sat there glancing around the room to the artwork and the shelves and the cute decorations that were now hers. She wondered briefly what other dolls were around that she could maybe meet soon. Someone that didn’t smell like molded cream cheese and tuna.

“Fuck!” he pulled away, “Fuck, fuck, fuck!!” Dolly didn’t know if he was moaning more or angry.

The two looked down at his pants to reveal a large, sticky wet stain. “Fuck!” he shouted, this time she could tell it was in anger. “I’ll, uhh—I’ll be back in a bit. Just uhh, make yourself comfy,” he said before storming out of the door.

Dolly heard the knob lock.

She looked around the room. Jumping down from the bed onto a pink furry rug, she noticed the entire room smelled like coconut.

“Hmmm,” she said aloud. “I know that smell.”

Dolly waffled about the room, touching every trinket and piece of art that she could reach. She noticed one painting, something about it seemed familiar.

It was a ….

Ohh, what’s that word, she thought to herself. It was on the tip of her tongue.

“A … uhh. It grows from the ground. It’s a tree!”

Dolly moved closer to the painting of the tree and as she did, the details of it became more apparent. It was lush and ripe with what looked like tiny red fruits.

“What are those?” she asked herself. Moving closer, Dolly could finally make out what they were.

“Cherries.”

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Chapter Four

Suddenly, a flood of terror filled her gut as memories rushed her mind. She was alive, her leg sprawled out on a table. Her sister was with her, and they were each getting matching tattoos etched into the skin of their ankles. Two cherries on one stem.

Dolly could feel the anger welling up inside her.

She remembered the accident when her sister died on their way home from the tattoo parlor.

She remembered going to the bar after the funeral.

She remembered meeting a man who smelled like rotten tuna.

Then, she remembered the rest, and the terror that was consuming her insides mutated into a fiery rush of anger that was raging out of control. She squinted her eyes to block out the things he did to her before he killed her, but she couldn't. It was too much.

Dolly ran over to a floor-length mirror and glanced at it. "What the fuck?!" she said. "I'm a goddamn Doll!"

The reflection didn't match her former self. Dolly was child-like and meant to appease pedophiles. It wasn't rock T-shirts and black boots. It was frilly and pink and—too much. She rubbed her bright eyes.

"Okay, calm down," she said to herself. "Figure out a way out of this fucking mess."

She began searching the room for weapons, when she realized there was an art table, and with art, must come scissors. Across the table were blank pieces of paper, crayons and map pencils waiting for an unsuspecting little girl to release her inner artist. She removed drawers and rummaged through different items before finding what she needed.

"Jackpot!" she whispered aloud, pulling a pair of scissors out of a blue drawer. Dolly placed it in the top of her dress pressed against her skin. She had a feeling Mr. Smyles' hand wouldn't be able to make it that far next time.

Climbing back onto the bed, Dolly positioned herself and waited until she heard the lock on the door beginning to rattle.

It opened, and in walked Mr. Smyles, wearing a different set of pants.

“I’m so sorry for storming out, Doll. Please forgive me.”

Dolly looked at him and smiled. “Of course!” she retorted, but she could almost cringe beneath her skin, if that’s what one would call it. The silicone raised in slight goosebumps while she mulled over her next step.

He walked toward the bed and placed a hand on her knee, once more.

“May we continue?” he asked.

Dolly nodded too quickly.

He leaned in and began kissing her again, this time running his hands through her once-synthetic hair. Her eyes remained open and she could feel her heart racing despite not having one. Mr. Smyles pushed her back and forced her to lie down as he applied all his weight on her. Her legs slowly began to open.

“This won’t hurt,” he said while unzipping his pants and revealing the sprout of foreskin that sprouted from a bed of grey hair.

“But this will,” replied Dolly as she reached for the scissors in her dress and quickly sliced off the tip of his throbbing member.

Unable to think quickly in the heat of the moment, Mr. Smyles didn’t realize what hit him until it was too late. He looked down to find his headless cock squirting hot, red blood all over Dolly’s dress.

He screamed, backing away and putting his hands over himself to help shield the shaft from exposure.

“What did you do?!” he yelled, quickly collapsing to the floor.

Dolly stood up on the bed, her eyes focused. She let a grin creep across her face. “Calm down, Dickless Dunkin’ Donut, it’s not gonna kill you.” She leaped down onto the floor and looked down at him as he wept.

“It’s gone! My dick’s gone!”

“It’s under the bed.”

“Fuck!”

“Dude.”

“I’m gonna pass out!”

Dolly flicked her fingernails. “Good.”

Suddenly, like a crackhead without a coin, he came crashing down. Landing on his back on the pink fur rug, his headless dick still spurting blood like a molasses fountain, Dolly began looking around the room for something to tie him up with when she saw a large, plastic tub underneath

the bed. After retrieving it, she opened it and it was full of sex toys—dildos, anal beads, handcuffs… *bingo*. "Just what I needed."

She dragged the man across the floor using her human strength that still coursed through her veins—the rug slid beneath him while she tugged before handcuffing him to the bottom of the bedposts, with his legs tied to the dresser. She wrapped his wound, retrieved the severed penis, and waited for him to wake up.

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Chapter Five

"Wha—what happened?" he groaned, the handcuffs jingling against the wooden posts. "What the fuck? What the fuck? Help! HELP!"

"You are literally the biggest, whiniest congealed glob of belly-button cheese I've ever met. Will you just shut the *fuck* up, please?" said Dolly.

"What are you gonna do to me?!" His eyes were wide and full of fear. A feeling she knew all too well. She thought about her cold corpse lying in another room in this warehouse and it made her even more angry.

"I'll put your dick back on if you tell me how to get back into my body."

"What?"

She kicked him in the ear. "Answer me, before I turn you into a feculent snot-jockey!"

"Okay! Okay! You can't go back in!"

Dolly refused to accept this admission, instead she retrieved an electric pencil sharpener from the art table. "Not good enough!"

She took his pinky in her small hand and pressed it into the hole of the electric sharpener. The device buzzed to life as Mr. Smyles began to scream. "It just won't work! I'm not lying!"

Dolly stopped. "Explain!" she said, her voice callous.

"Once the soul transfers to a doll, the corpse is empty and cold." He began to sob. "You can't go back in and be brought back to life. Your body is already rotting!"

"Then how do I get out of this fucking doll?" she asked before kicking him once more.

"You don't!" Mr. Smyles sobbed again as spit and snot built up on his lip.

Dolly pressed his finger back into the sharpener and he could feel the whirring at the tip of his pinky. "Please!" he cried out. "Let's just talk this out!"

She stopped once more. "Then tell me what to fucking do!"

"There's a deal that's been made!" he began to explain while coughing and attempting to catch his breath. "There's a group of us—big,

powerful people. And the big guys do these rituals…"

"What kind of rituals?"

"The kind that gets you a lot of power! Please give me my dick!"

"Not until I know what to do!" Dolly pressed his pinky into the sharpener. "How's that Mr. Blister Dick?" The metal clipped away at his fingernail, then he felt it. His skin began to shred. A searing pain radiated from his hand and up his arm as he began to shake violently. The motor chewed through the resistance of bone and a spray of crimson mist coated Dolly's plastic arm. It grinded down, jerking his hand as he continued to scream.

"Stop shaking! You're gonna make the point uneven and then how are you gonna sign an autograph?"

"Please!"

She removed the sharpener and sighed. "You're gonna bleed to death if you don't tell me what to do. I'm not afraid to turn you into a walking sack of bean flavored pus balls!"

"Okay, okay!" he nodded rapidly. "I'll tell you everything!"

"Fine," she said before grabbing a robe from a low-hanging hook and pressing it against his groin.

"It was a few years ago. I met this guy, a real shady character. He was in the market for special toys for his clients. Like robotic sex toys, but better. Lifelike."

"I'm listening…" she whispered.

"They made deals with the devil or something for all the power they have. They promised me riches if I made them toys with the souls of living people. So, I had to collect and follow through or they'd kill me."

"And that gave *you* the right to torture the victims?!" Dolly shouted.

"No! I just… I got out of control, okay! I'm sorry! But you don't have long!"

"What do you mean I don't have long?"

"You've only got about twenty-four hours before you go dormant, or hibernate. To revive you, DNA from an innocent person must be given to you to bring you back."

"An innocent?"

"Yeah! It's the way he gets around it. He makes it so you have to keep killing kids in order to keep the dolls alive!"

"This doesn't make sense. Who is he?"

"*Him*. Ya know. The big guy downstairs!"

Dolly paced around the room. "So, what you're saying is that you kill someone, put their soul into the toy, then sell the toy to rich people so the rich people can have sex with the toy?"

"Yes." He nodded quickly.

"Then, the toy goes dormant and to bring it back, the rich person has to give it something physical from a child."

"Yes. But if you stay dormant too long, the toy begins to disconnect from the soul."

"What's that mean?" she asked.

"It happened with a bear I put together. It went a month in a box, and I got a call that the man in the bear couldn't remember himself anymore. The client was pissed."

"Okay. So, we know how to get in the toy, and how to stay in the toy. Now, how do we get *out* of the toy?"

Mr. Smyles sighed. His mind actively tried to put together ideas, but under duress, he couldn't come up with anything quick enough. "I don't know."

"You didn't create, like a reset button or something?!" she barked, kicking him in the ribs.

"No! I didn't think any of you would become aggressive!"

Dolly sneered. "*Aggressive*?" she asked condescendingly. "I was brutalized to death and brought back in a fucking *doll*, and you think I'm being '*aggressive'*?"

"I didn't…I just meant that—I don't know! I didn't know you'd be *you*, is all!"

"Of course I'm fucking me! I was a living, breathing person a day ago until you robbed me of it!"

"I'm sorry! Normally the toys wake up and they don't remember much."

"You're fucking sick. A true fermented vat of taint-trimmings, Mr. Meat-Curd."

"I know… I'm sorry," he sobbed once more, the snot mixing with his saliva and creating a film across his lips.

"I'll show you just how aggressive a person can be."

Dolly left the room and made her way back to where her body lay. She approached it slowly, the smell of decay beginning to fill the air, and

she had an idea. If she was trapped and condemned either way, Dolly wanted to go out with a bang. Besides, she only had about twenty hours left of being herself and doling out restitution was right up her alley.

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Chapter Six

Music blared across the warehouse, an 80's pop hit, and Dolly tapped her foot repeatedly, dancing and humming along to the rhythm. The stove was hot as she rolled the meatballs across the skillet while dicing tomatoes and onions with a bloody knife. She glanced at the corpse over her shoulder and her face grimaced. "This is for you, girlypop," she said.

The noodles continued to boil while she sauteed the tomatoes and crushed garlic cloves, and tossed in the onions.

Then, Dolly placed the severed penis onto the cutting board and began making thin, even slices. She watched each one fall over onto the red-stained wood with a quiet plop, then she tossed the circular slices of flesh into the skillet. They hissed as they hit the heat, curling at the edges like overcooked pepperoni. She stirred them into the thick, red sauce until they were coated. She plated the pasta with a flourish, twirling the noodles into a flawless nest and resting the meatballs on top.

Dolly grabbed the steaming plate and a heavy, silver fork, then marched back to where Mr. Smyles was handcuffed to the bed. He was barely conscious, his head lolling to the side, but the smell of the garlic hitting his face made his eyeballs flutter open.

"Dinners served, you pathetic fuck," Dolly whispered.

"What is it?" he asked quietly.

"Spaghetti and cuntballs, right? *Bone* appetit! You'll need the energy." She twirled the fork through the noodles and sauce, making sure to incorporate the dickshrooms and cuntballs onto the silverware. "Open wide," she smiled.

He watched her lean in as the fork moved closer to his face. Quietly, he took in the supper, rolling it about his tongue and feeling the texture of the ingredients. "What is it?" he asked.

"Ohh, just some regular ingredients you had bought. I did add in something a bit of a surprise though."

He chewed, watching her mouth move as he began to question what he was eating. She bit her lip and gave him a wink. He swallowed.

"How do you like the mushrooms?" she asked.

"What?" he yelped. "I'm allergic!"

“Well, good thing they’re made from your dick, then.”

Suddenly, it felt like the world came crashing all around him. He looked at the plate and could see the shimmering redness of what appeared to be mushrooms placed proportionately in the sauce before he began to gag.”

“Oh, we aren’t done. You’re gonna eat the entire plate.”

Bit by bit, the plate became emptier and emptier as she unloaded the fork into his mouth each time. He chewed the meatballs, bits of hair getting caught in the wetness of the back of his throat. The cockshroom was chewy, sliding down his gullet in chunks, but the rest tasted normal.

“So?” she asked, watching him swallow the last bite. “How’d I do?”

“I feel sick.”

“Awe, got the gully guts? Ya know, my sister and I hated spaghetti. Our mom would make it so much when we were poor because it was simple and cheap. I really like your ingredients, though. I feel like your elite friends would enjoy a bit of dick with their victimsauce.”

“Please, call an ambulance before I die,” he murmured.

Dolly set the plate aside with a clink and stood over him. “But I’m not done playing with my new toy,” she said as she pulled his pants down revealing a bloodied stump where his penis used to be. “I want a doll, too, but you’re too floppy.” She stood and made her way through the warehouse collecting supplies to use on him. When she had everything she needed, Dolly returned to the room to find him groaning in agony.

“Please. Help me,” he silently cried.

“No. But I will help you in one way, because I don’t think you should see what I’m about to do to you.”

Dolly picked up two glass eyeballs that had a thumbtack glued to the back of them. She sat next to his head and pulled his eyelids up as far as they could go.

“What’re you doing?!” he shouted.

With his eye opened, she moved the pin directly above his pupil before letting it pierce the skin of his eye. She pressed it all the way in, giving him a brand-new doll eye. Juices shot out, oozing down his temples as his fleshy ball became mush behind the pressure. He screamed and tried to kick his legs to no avail. She raised the eyelid of the remaining eye and pressed the tack deep into his tissue before letting the lid go. He tried to

blink rapidly, screaming and crying as tears poured down his face, but he couldn't because his new set of eyes were blocking his eyelids.

"Now, for the voice," she said. With the same pair of scissors, Dolly used clamps and latched onto Mr. Smyle's tongue. He felt the ragged blades begin to drive a deep gash into the moist muscle, separating the tissue as his mouth filled with blood. He spurted and spewed as she sawed away back and forth at the slimy tongue before cutting it in half completely. He continued to groan and squirm.

Next, she placed a squeaker in his mouth and with a pair of needles and sewing thread, she began stitching his mouth shut. Little by little, the needle went into his upper lip, beneath the skin, then out again piercing his flesh in a rhythmic fashion.

"Mama taught us how to sew. We started with cross-stitching and then worked our way up. I actually went to community college on a theater scholarship as a seamstress, so I know a thing or two," she explained as the needle continued going in and out leaving a trail of blood and black string in its wake.

After his mouth was stitched, she threaded the needle beneath his eyes and down to the corner of his mouth. With a tug, she was able to raise the corner of his mouth into a menacing smile.

He squeaked.

Dolly let out a laugh and said, "You really are Mr. Smyles!"

The man squeaked some more.

"Great, now that we know that works, let's play a game. I ask you a question, and you answer. One squeak for yes, two squeaks for no. Got it?"

She listened to his breath rattling before he let out another squeak.

Dolly stood and retrieved a hammer and a red plastic peg that was sharp and jagged at the end. She leaned into his smiling face and asked her first question. "How many kids did you kill before I came along? Five to ten?"

Mr. Smyles let out two long squeaks.

"Twenty?"

Squeak squeak.

"Fifty?"

He rolled his head and squeaked two more times. *Useless*, she thought. These people, these "elites" likely don't even recall their victims, much less the amount of them.

Dolly pressed the red pin into his kneecap and with the hammer in her hand, she slammed the tool down onto it as it let out a crunch of a breaking bone.

Squeaaaaaaaaaaaaaak.

"Next question. The bear. Was it a powerful person who got it?"

Mr. Smyles' forehead dripped in sweat. Squeak.

"A politician?"

Squeak.

"A *local* politician?"

Squeak squeak.

"Hmm," she said. "Not local. He must be pretty big. A senator?"

Squeak. He paused before letting out three more squeaks.

"Fine." She picked up a blue pin and hammered it into his remaining kneecap. He wailed and squeaked under the aching pain.

"Ya know, Brite Lite's were my sister's favorite toy. We'd leave each other secret messages that only we could understand and sometimes Mama would find them thinking we were leaving notes for the devil. She'd drag us to church on Sunday and let the preacher take us to his study one by one where he'd make sure the devil wasn't in us."

Dolly hammered another red peg into his clavicle before continuing.

"Do you know how he'd make sure it wasn't in us?"

Mr. Smyles groaned and squeaked from the never-ending pain.

"He'd have us get naked and he'd check our body for marks. He'd even put his fingers in us to make sure we were pure and that the devil hadn't taken our hymens."

Dolly hammered another peg into his second clavicle, the bone breaking under the pounding of the tool.

"Daddy never sent us to church when we'd stay at his house, which wasn't often. One time, we had to bathe in the water hose outside because he kept the bathtub full of cigarette butts and used needles. Come to think of it, Daddy always called us his little dolls."

She paused, her mind churning through her memories.

"How do you get the kids? Do you abduct them?"

Squeak squeak.

"Do you… buy them?"

Squeak.

"From who? Poor people?"

Squeak … Squeak squeak.

"Foster care? CPS? Immigration status?"

Squeak. … Squeak squeak.

"From all over, huh. The post man, the preacher, everyone's in on it. I knew it! My sister thought I was crazy, but I kept seeing kids go missing and the parents were never to be seen. Probably because the parents weren't in the picture. Is that right?"

Squeak.

"Jesus. You're a monster. So, you have normal folks take the kids from the system and then they're sold off to you. Then you kill them and harvest their souls for toys."

He wailed behind his stitched lips, then let out one more squeak.

Dolly picked up the remaining Lite-Brite pegs and continued hammering them into his bones, down his arms and legs, around his groin. She stood back and admired her handiwork. "You look pretty cool, if I do say so myself," she chirped, before her face turned back into a frown as she stared at him. "You know what the problem is with you, Mr. Smyles? You're still too … leaky."

She walked over to her supplies and found the hot air gun and a roll of shrink-wrap for weatherproofing the toys. "You'll appreciate this." She took the thick, black plastic tubing and forced it over his mangled, peg-filled legs, pulling it up all the way to his waist. Then, she clicked the heat gun to high. The nozzle glowed orange, and a blast of 500-degree air hit the plastic.

The tubing shriveled instantly, the black polymer hugging his ruined kneecaps and crushing the Lite-Brite pegs deeper into the bone. Mr. Smyle's muffled honks became frantic as the plastic fused to his skin.

"There!" she said, patting his encased thigh. "Now, for the face. You've got such a great smile, we need to make sure it stays.

She grabbed a jar of clear epoxy resin and a paint roller.

"This stuff is high gloss, Mr. Smyles. It'll give you that '*new in box'* shine."

Dolly began to roll the thick resin over his chest and neck, then finally, his face. She painted right over his sewn-shut mouth and the doll eyes. The resin was heavy and smelled like a chemical fire.

He couldn't even squeak anymore. The resin filled the holes in his mouth, sealing the squeaker forever. He was just a pair of panicked glass eyes staring out from behind a thick coating of plastic.

"You're exquisite," she whispered, leaning in so her lavender eyes reflected in the hardening resin of his cheek. "But every doll needs an accessory and since you like ass so much…"

She reached into the box of sex toys she'd found earlier and pulled out a twelve-inch black dildo with a heavy suction cup. With a massive dollop of super glue applied to the bottom, she pressed it firmly against his forehead and held it there, humming the 80's pop jingle, until the bond was unbreakable.

"Let's call you Mr. Willy," she chuckled to herself. "You look like an amber unicorn Lite-Brite. If a mosquito bites you now, they'll be cloning assholes for the next billion years." Her small chest heaved as the chemical scent of the resin and the burnt smell of the heat gun against flesh filled the room. The man who was Mr. Smyles was gone. In his place sat a rigid, glowing, plastic-coated monstrosity that honked softly.

"Stay golden, *Ponyboy*."

Dolly made her way out of the bedroom leaving her victim behind and moseyed about the warehouse, skipping and dancing along to the beat of the radio that still blared throughout the building. Her vision was beginning to tunnel, and the edges of her sight were turning into the grainy flicker of a VHS tape, but the fire in her gut wouldn't let her rest.

At the end of the hall, she found a heavy vault door. It wasn't locked. Mr. Smyles was arrogant. Dolly pushed open the door, the hinges screaming at her, and inside were rows of filing cabinets. The first was labeled *A-G*. She opened the top drawer and pulled out a file. It was a photo of a newborn with a clip of hair.

"He kept them," she whispered, her voice a tiny squeak in the vast room. "He kept them like trophies."

She opened the next row of files and found a ledger bound in what appeared to be human skin. The texture made her silicone skin crawl to life.

Dolly opened a file that read 1985. There, in Smyles's neat, meticulous handwriting was a list of *High Tier Clients*. Each line was a soul and a toy, and who they'd been sold to. *Jackpot,* she thought. She removed the file and placed it under her arm.

Next, she found what she'd been looking for. She wondered why her face was plastered to the art rooms like they were.

A row of listings titled *The Dollhouse Collection* lit up her face. "Coming to a store near you: The Childhood Trauma playset! Therapy sold separately." These were regular, soulless dolls that went to stores throughout the country.

"This very same body that I'm in is in the homes of children and they're loved and warm." She felt a sense of jealousy rise up in her until she saw another listing for puppets that had also been delivered to homes.

"I'm not the only one," she said. Dolly stared at the photo of a blue-haired boy doll and wondered how many children unwrapped them for Christmas.

While she was a masterpiece of meat and murder, the same man made millions selling his *Dollhouse Collection* to unassuming children throughout the country.

Dolly turned away, her anger bubbling back up.

"If I could just get to one of those homes, maybe then I would be okay," she said to herself. "I've gotta get the fuck out of here."

She turned on her foot with the file under her arm and began making her way back across the warehouse when suddenly, she felt faint.

"Not yet," she said, "I must've used up all my juices already." Dolly grabbed the railing and held herself upright as she made her way across a catwalk and to the back of the warehouse. When she opened another set of doors, inside were hundreds of Dolly's just like herself. She stopped and gasped. "A room full of me's! My worst nightmare." There were hundreds stacked in rows and towering over her, all manufactured with her face painted onto them.

They were all in boxes that read *The Dollhouse Collection: Dollface* but there was no empty box for her. She could feel herself fading, so she perched her body against a doll in the front and sat in her blood-soaked dress when her limbs began to tighten and she was gone.

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Chapter Seven

Police surrounded the warehouse as the workers found Mr. Smyles encased in plastic. A lone detective walked into the building with the name *Cooper* etched into a patch on his left chest.

"Do we have a name for the deceased woman yet?" he asked a deputy.

"Diane Harley," the younger gentleman said. "She was reported missing yesterday by her mother."

"Thanks, Deputy. And the blue barrels out back?"

"Hydrochloric acid. We assumed that's how he got rid of the bodies."

The detective wiped his brow. "Jesus …" he said. "And Mr. Smyles, he has a brother?"

"Yes sir. We notified him and he's actually outside."

Detective Cooper seemed wary, but he turned on his heel and followed the deputy to the front of the warehouse where they stepped out of the double doors and into the darkened sky of rain clouds. He saw a man looking out of place. He was large and grotesque, wearing a wife-beater and jean shorts.

"Sir," said the detective.

"My brother's in there?" replied the man as he stepped forward.

"Yes, sir, we can't let you go in yet as it's a crime scene, but we will need a formal identification once the coroner finishes," said Cooper, squinting through the drizzle.

The man didn't flinch. He didn't ask how his brother died. He just stared at the warehouse with eyes that looked like two holes burned into a sheet of dough. "My brother was a sick man, Detective. We hadn't spoken in years. I always told him his …*hobbies* would catch up to him."

Cooper didn't like the way the man said the word "hobbies."

"He was more than sick. We found things in there that … well, let's just say it's lucky he's dead. Saves the state the price of a needle."

"I'd like his personal shit," said the man, ignoring the detective's jab. "And his stock. I'm his only living kin. I assume the business falls to me?"

“The business is a graveyard, but once we clear the inventory, the bank will deal with the assets in court. Just stay behind the tape for now.”

Cooper turned back toward the doors, while inside, the forensic team was losing their minds. “Detective! You gotta see this!”

“What is it?”

The two men made their way to the back of the warehouse and into the supply room.

“Holy shit,” said the detective under his breath as they eyed the hundreds of dolls before them. But one caught his eye. One that stood out. She was there in the front, covered in blood, with a wink and a smile creeping across her face unlike the others.

“Is that part of the display?” asked the deputy.

“No,” said Cooper, pulling a pair of latex gloves from his pocket. “That’s high velocity splatter. She was close when Mr. Smyles was butchered. Someone placed her in here.”

He leaned in closer and under the doll’s arm was a folder.

“Is that a folder? Why would it be placed under her arm?” asked the deputy.

“Maybe the suspect was playing house with the evidence,” muttered Cooper. He reached out gently and pried the file from Dolly’s grip. Her silicone fingers felt unnervingly firm, like a body in the middle of rigor mortis. He bagged the file then stared at the doll.

“Bag her, too. Carefully. I want the lab to run the blood.”

The deputy placed her in a large bag, scribbled letters and numbers on it with a permanent marker, then handed it off to a forensic technician who took it outside and placed it in a white van.

The rain had turned into a steady downpour, and the brother stood by his truck, his eyes fixed on the warehouse doors. When they swung open, he watched the young officer carry what appeared to be the plastic doll pressed against the side of the bag.

“Hey,” shouted Cooper.

The man looked up and frowned. “What?” he asked.

“We’re taking everything we need for now and gonna hold the inventory for processing. You can file for the return of the property through the DA’s office in a few weeks.”

“A few weeks,” he repeated, his voice like grinding stones. “That blood. You gonna wash her?”

Cooper let a look of disgust overtake his face. “It’s evidence, sir. We process it, we don’t clean it. Why do you care?”

The man looked at the van as it began to pull away in the downpour. “My brother … he was a perfectionist. He wouldn’t want his work ruined by a lab tech with a scrub brush.”

“Your brother was a monster,” Cooper said, turning his back. “Go home. Get some sleep and stay out of my investigation.”

Weeks seemed to flow by for Detective Cooper as they began tracking down some of the high-profile clients in the files, including a local doctor who ran an asylum. With almost enough evidence under their belt to make an arrest, they had the option of handing over the inventory to Mr. Smyles’ brother.

Detective Cooper sat at his desk, and he stared at the picture of his son. His son, Wayne, who he loved very much and simply would die if any of this had happened to their family. He picked up the phone and dialed a set of digits.

The phone rang.

A gritty voice that seemed out of breath answered. “Who is it?” the man shouted.

“This is Detective Cooper.”

“Whatdya want?”

“We’ve processed the doll. You can come pick it up.”

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Chapter Eight

His house was grimy and smelled of sweaty testicles. The furniture had never been cleaned, and the orange carpet had stains that looked like maps of undiscovered countries. The air was thick, stagnant, and vibrating with the low, wet hum of a yellow refrigerator at the end of its life.

The man walked inside holding the doll under his arm. He tossed her onto a kitchen table that was sticky with the residue of a thousand cheap meals before he popped open the top of a canned beer and took a swig. He didn't bother to take her out of the evidence bag immediately. He stood there, his heavy chest heaving under the sweat-stained wife-beater. The police hadn't washed her yet, just as Cooper said. The blood on her dress had turned from a vibrant, angry red to a dull, flakey brown.

"Look at you," he said as he continued to stare at her winking face. "Guess I gotta clean you up."

The man popped her dress into an empty beer box and put her in the sink with a bottle of dish soap and began to scrub. Then, he went upstairs to his bedroom and found another set of doll clothes, leftover from a girl that his brother had gifted to him as a birthday present a few years back. He slid on a pair of flowery panties, pulled on some frilly socks, and placed her shoes back on.

With her hanging from his hand, he carried Dolly to his bedroom and above his bed rested a shelf.

The man placed her on the shelf and gave her a final look. He turned and as he was about to flip off the light, he let one last sentence flow through his rotting teeth.

"You can call me *Papa*."

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Thank You

Thank you to all my faithful readers for consistently putting up with my nonsense.

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About the Author

RJ Powell lives in Texas with her partner, pets, plants, and progenies. She prefers seclusion but loves social media. RJ can be found on Instagram, @splatter.girl.

Other works include:
Madness in Tandem
Thrice the Madness
Eight Cases of Jane
The Dollhouse Collection
Dollface, Puppet, and Dolly & Pip
Vasectomy
Feeler Deep
Baby Bones

Anthologies:
Rotten Requiems — An Extreme Metal Horror Anthology
Moods and Megrims —A Collection of Hysterical Women

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